

Arizona Day by Day

Live News Taken From Territorial Exchanges.

Captain W. J. Nicholson of the Seventh cavalry has been appointed acting Indian agent at San Carlos.

Colonel Christy of Phoenix, the banker and cattleman, is in the city. The colonel says he just came down to see Phoenix and had very warm weather during the past week.—Tucson Citizen.

A prairie fire came near the base of the Whetstones and can be seen from Tombstone. The distance is about 20 miles, yet can be plainly seen at night and with the aid of a glass the progress of the flames in burning the dry prairie grass and bushes can be seen.—Tombstone Prospector.

A new kind of sport has been introduced at Phoenix. An announcement was made of a rabbit chase, to take place at the park, but no rabbits could be secured. The chase was, however, equal to the emergency, and substituted a cat for the long-eared quadrupeds. The change can hardly be said to improve the sport from a humanitarian point of view.—Los Angeles Times.

Captain Bell of the Salvation Army left this afternoon for Phoenix, and thence goes to her home in Hollister, Cal. She has labored here for about a year and during that time has done excellent work. She leaves with the esteem and respect of all who know her, as she has proven herself a sincere and consistent worker in the cause of the penitents. She was escorted to the depot by the army in Prescott.—Journal Miner.

The Copper King base ball club has received its new uniforms and the news comes from El Paso that the club can play good ball. For the benefit of Tucson fans, the Citizen suggests that the Copper King team be secured to play a series of three games with the Phoenix team at this place. Phoenix has a good team in the Delmonds or the Orphans. Either aggregation would be glad to come here and meet the El Paso players.—El Paso Orb.

A few days since while Mrs. Wm. King was unloading her buggy horse at her home near the American custom house, says the El Paso Orb, a buckle on the harness caught in her ear ring and the horse started. As it, the stone fell to the ground, but was at once gobbled up by one of the chickens in the yard. The stone was valued at \$250, and as a consequence the flock of fowls belonging to Mrs. King will be run off and the crew of each examined until the missing stone is found.

Hon. Robert E. Morrison, United States district attorney for Arizona recently made a professional visit to the southern part of the territory and which was extended as far south as Guaymas, Mexico. Mr. Morrison was delighted with Sonora and its leading citizens with whom he had official business. He says the public buildings, grounds and streets were really beautiful and kept in splendid condition. One of the prettiest places he saw anywhere, where are the private grounds, buildings, gardens, etc., of a wealthy Mexican gentleman near Guaymas.

The annual meeting of the Erie Cattle company was to be held yesterday at the company's headquarters ranch. The discharged employees who jumped some of their ranches are reported to have sent word to the stockholders, warning them not to hold a meeting at the ranch. Such a bold attempt at intimidation could not be ignored and the company, of course, determined to hold their meeting at their ranch, as they have a perfect right to do. The outcome is awaited with interest, the sympathy of outside stockmen being practically a unit in favor of the Erie company. Yet some people say there is no need of a ranger force.—Rango News.

A letter from our friend, John Kinney, now at Santiago de Cuba of date February 18th, was received here yesterday. Kinney gives a bad outlook for that country and says: "It is no good place for Americans. I have been sick about three weeks with the black vomit; am now getting better, but unable to travel yet. 'Bucky' O'Neill's body cannot be found, although I have looked over the battle field five times for it, and spent \$150 trying to find the unknown grave of O'Neill. Johnny O'Neill, a younger brother, has been here assisting in the search; he is a splendid young fellow and no one can dislike the boy. As to minerals this province contains some of the best looking at, but in the matter of niggers, it contains too many of the blackest, dirtiest, laziest, thievingest sort ever seen anywhere on earth. In fact, they can steal the molasses out of a glasser cake and break it up and eat it. So far, the embargo has failed to kill any of the worthless Cubans, but has laid to his eternal rest many a brave gringo boy.—Pick and Drill.

REPUBLICAN'S SPECIAL SPRING EDITION.

The history, archaeology and climatology of Arizona will be exhaustively treated in the special spring number to be issued on April 1, and altogether this special issue will form a valuable epitome of facts and figures relative to the territory which will be of special interest to all, and particularly to the eastern friends of our winter visitors.

Pride and self reliance usually precede a ruptured water pipe.

At Bedtime Take

A dose of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and you will soon close in peaceful, refreshing slumber. Another dose in the morning will make your breakfast taste good, and put you in fine fettle for the day's work ahead.

Your head will be clear, and your work will be easy to perform.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

The Rescue of Jock

By John H. Whitson

THAT he should meet with an adventure so out of the ordinary, Sid Holly could not have believed when he stepped the mast in his little boat and stood away for the fishing ground off Saugus Inlet.

There was still some sea running, as the result of the recent gale, but Sid was used to the ocean and its ways. Born in his present home, on one of the small islands of the upper New England coast, the "wash" of the waves had been in his ears since his earliest recollection.

"Must have been a fire in the woods at Cataract Point," was his thought, as he took the tiller and drew in the sheet of the sail for the long tack that was to take him beyond the headland. "Probably a tree burning."

There had been a red light in the southern sky at daybreak, and now he could clearly discern a filmy trace of smoke. "There were no houses on Cataract Point, or in that direction. It was a lonely spot, visited only in summer by camping and fishing parties."

Sid Holly did not think of a burning ship; but when he had beat well out through the choppy waves that were running off the headland, he saw a big, square-rigged vessel, rolling heavily, with smoke rising in a thin cloud from a point forward.

Sid immediately altered his course and stood away for the unfortunate ship. As he passed under her stern, he read the name "Java, Boston, Mass." She was down almost to the main chains, and threatened to go to the bottom at any moment. Sid kept well off, not daring to be near the whirlpool that would be produced if she should go down with a sudden lurch.

While studying the smoke, a queer chattering noise caused him to glance aloft, and he saw a small hairy body crouched on the mizen cross-trees. It was a monkey, looking down at him with what seemed to be an appealing expression.

The monkey's pitiful condition touched Sid's heart. "Poor little fellow!" he muttered. "They forgot you, did they, when they abandoned the ship?"

Then he called to it: "Come, Jock! Come, Jock! Come down, Jock!"

The monkey moved uneasily, glanced toward the forward deck as if he saw or heard something there of which it was afraid, and refused to descend.

Sid shifted the tiller, to pass back under the stern, and threw over the boom as the boat came around.

"Come, Jock!" he urged, as he again drew near.

The monkey uttered nervous chatters and moved restlessly on its perch, but would not come down.

Sid sent the boat on round the Java, at a respectful distance. The fire was evidently in the foremast, but it seemed to be making no progress. The worst thing was the vessel's sinking condition. Sid studied her closely.

"She may stay afloat a half hour, or even a half day," was his conclusion. Again he looked at the monkey. Why for it, combined with a thought that there might be something on the vessel which he could take in his boat to recompense him for the risk, finally overcame his fears. He put the boat alongside the ship's starboard, where he fastened it by a line to his shoulder, the deserted deck. As the monkey appeared to be on the point of descending the shrouds, Sid, feeling that what he did he must do quickly, climbed up to meet it.

It was in no wise afraid of him, but pensive, rather, and grateful. It had been the pet of some sailor, he was sure, perhaps of the captain. Sid took it into his arms and looked into its grave brown eyes.

Suddenly it gave a chatter of fear, leaped from his arms to his shoulder, and seemed on the point of springing to the foremast and racing back to its former position.

Wondering what had frightened it, Sid turned to the deck. What he saw gave him such a start that he almost let go his hold. A big tiger had emerged from the forward companionway and stood looking up at him, its eyes blazing and its tail waving a snakey threat. An exclamation of surprise and alarm came from Sid Holly's lips, and the monkey again chattered in fear. This was answered by a deep growl from the tiger's cavernous throat, and by an advance to starboard which brought it between Sid and his boat.

The appearance of the tiger on the deck was so strange and apparently so inexplicable that Sid Holly might readily have been excused for thinking this the improbable experience of a dream. Later, he knew that the Java had brought the tiger and several other wild beasts in cages from an Indian port, consigned to a circus firm in Bridgeport. The storm had blown the Java out of her course and to the northward.

He learned, too, that when the boats were ready to pull away from the doomed ship some tender-hearted member of the crew had slipped the ours of the cages, with the result that most of the caged animals, frightened by the fire, and immediately leaped into the sea and had been drowned. As for the monkey, it had been abandoned simply because it obstinately remained in the rigging, perhaps through fright, and refused to be caught.

Sid Holly's hands shook on the ratlines and his heart chilled as he saw the tiger cross the deck in that threatening manner; and when he thought of the vessel's sinking state, and glanced from the smoking foremast into the sea, his brain fairly reeled.

With the ship surely settling under him, held in the rigging by that fierce beast, afraid to leap into the sea, his situation was one to unnerve the stoutest heart.

The little boat bumped its nose against the vessel's side. Then a big

wave heaved the ship aloft. She fell heavily into the trough, with a waterlogged hull that made Sid's heart rise in his throat.

His scared exclamation as he thought the ship was surely going down, the tiger answered with another growl. This growl apparently caused the monkey to abandon his idea of springing into the rigging; for with an almost human murmur of fear, it sought to cuddle in Sid's arms for protection. He put a hand, albeit a shaking one, caressingly on its head.

The tiger, ominous as had been its growl, did not appear to want to force a fight. It did not come nearer. It, too, was frightened by the strangeness of its position and the waste of tumbling water.

It approached the rail and looked down into the little boat. Though this was done without any apparent intention of springing into the boat, the movement gave Sid another thrill of fear. With the tiger's head touching the rail just over the boat, Sid's chances of escaping from the sinking ship seemed slenderer than ever.

After the first shock of fear had passed, Sid tried to calm himself that he might consider his situation. His only hope seemed to be to get the tiger away from the starboard rail. If he could do that he might reach the boat by a courageous dash, or by springing into the sea he might gain the boat by swimming, even though he was not a very good swimmer. To remain in the rigging until the ship went down was to go down with it.

To ascertain what the tiger would do he descended a few feet, holding the shrouds lightly against his chest. The tiger hastily noticed and resented the movement. Its lips drew back from its white teeth in a snarl, and it took a step in Sid's direction. Its attitude was so threatening that the boy stopped short, with terror again tugging at his heart.

But fear of the maw of the sea soon drove him downward.

This threw the tiger into a rage. It came nearer. Looking up at him with his blazing yellow eyes, it crouched within springing distance of the shrouds. Its black and yellow hands seemed to writhle in snaky folds, and its sinuous, swaying tail quivered to the very tip.

Only a knowledge that the ship was sinking kept Sid from scrambling back with all speed. He was sure the vessel had perceptibly settled since he came aboard, to short a time before. Another big wave was lifting her; and the conviction was forced on him that the time in which she would remain afloat could be numbered in minutes, if not in seconds.

"If I only had a belaying pin," he thought, "I might be able to throw it." He snatched off his cap and hurled it as far as he could to port.

The tiger rose with a hoarse growl, glared at the flying cap, and took a step toward it as it fell.

The ship was lifting on another wave. With trembling fingers Sid drew out his pocket knife, wrapped his handkerchief about it, and hurled both over the tiger's head.

They dropped in the port scuppers, and, with a blood-chilling snarl, the angered brute leaped in that direction. This was Sid's opportunity. With the monkey clinging to his shoulders, he sprang down the rigging almost at a bound and sped across the deck. He heard the tiger snarl and turn. Then he heard its snarl and the rattle of its claws, as he began to cut off the line that held the boat.

Terror drove Sid Holly's heart into his mouth and made his fingers clumsy. In fancy he felt the tiger's hot breath in his back and its sharp teeth in his flesh. But he cast off the line somehow and sprang over the rail into the boat.

At the same instant there was a rumbling growl, and the tiger hurled its sinuous bulk through the starboard rail. Sid, as he enunciated, saw it shoot over him like a flash; then heard it drop with a splash into the sea.

He sank down trembling and exhausted, not having strength to push the boat from the ship's side. The monkey tried to climb from his shoulder, but Sid, seeing that a sudden once more lifted, and by a sort of instinct Sid put a hand on the tiller.

Then he saw the tiger rise to the surface, splashing as it bewildered. It turned toward him and began to swim. He gave the tiller a further push, the sail caught the breeze and the boat moved through the water.

The sail caught the full force of the breeze and the boat quickly drew away from the ship. Again the tiger snarled and rose, weaker than before. Twice was this repeated. Then the big ship heaved a sigh and rolled over on its side, and ominous roll to port. A huge green wave crawled across her decks, as if seeking to stifle the smoke that rose from the foremast. There was another groan, with a creaking of yards and cordage.

Sid Holly clung like a drowning boy to the rail of his little boat. But he was already far enough from the ship to be practically out of danger.

Not was the commotion as great as he had expected. The waves boiled furiously for a few moments. Then the Java, trailing her masts, went down like a leaden plummet.

When the topmasts had disappeared Sid looked for the tiger. It was not to be seen. "That came near being our fate, Jock!"

The words breathed a prayer of gratitude; and the little monkey, henceforth for life Sid Holly's friend and companion, even lowering its tail, as if it, too, felt awed and thankful, was taken caressingly in his arms.—Golden Days.

A Useless Wish.

"Oh," sighed the little lady, "had I the wings of a bird."

"Don't!" protested her husband. "Don't wish for the wings of a bird. If you had them some other woman would probably be wearing them on her hat before the season is over."—Washington Star.

Willie Plays a Trick. Dishaway—You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie. That's good news, I didn't know but what she wanted to be excused, as she did the night before.

Willie—Yet this time, I played a trick on her. Dishaway—What did you do? Willie (triumphantly)—I said you were another fellow.—Tit-Bits.

Another Story Teller. He—And so your brother Dick told you I was coming home with him? Tell me, was it you, whether blacklike what you thought I would or not?

She—Oh, I didn't think anything about that. All young boys look alike to me, anyway. Or the following day he held his theater tickets to a spectator for half price.—Chicago Daily News.

The Drunken Lament. Oh! I wish I had landed, of which I'm tired and aches. No! I'm not anywhere I roam. I've been out for three weeks and not got a drink of beer.

And I'm not from the firm to come straight home.—Judge.

THEY STRUCK HOME.



"It is dreadful to think what horrible things people are saying about me!" "My dear lady, surely you don't mind such ill-natured gossip as all this?" "Certainly I do—when it's every bit of it true!"—Punch.

"If I'm a failure," "In our town there is a man who thinks he is a hero. And the more he does, the more he is a failure." "He is a failure, but he is a hero." "So the more he does, the more he is a failure."—Chicago Daily News.

JAMES O'CONNOR, BRICK CONTRACTOR

Estimates given on all kinds of brick work. Jobbing a specialty. Box 425, City.

Castle Creek Hot Springs Of Arizona.

A delightful resort for health-seekers; perfect climate, natural hot springs of great medicinal and curative powers, especially for rheumatism; the only springs where you can take baths in the open air the year around without running any risk of colds; open-air swimming pool; private baths in porcelain-lined tubs. A comfortable and attractive house of twenty-five rooms, in addition to which ample tent room, with board floors and sides, is furnished to those who prefer open-air accommodations. There will be a resident physician during the winter months. Rates, \$3.00 per day, or \$18.00 per week. Tent accommodations are also provided at the rate of \$2.00 per day or \$12.00 per week. Round-trip tickets via Hot Springs Junction, forty-four miles from Phoenix on the S. F. & P. R. R., including stage fare, are sold at all stations on the railroad. Daily stage, except Sundays, runs to the Springs. A new building has been completed at Hot Springs Junction for the accommodation of guests going to the Springs. For further information apply to E. W. GILBERT, General Agent, S. F. & P. R. R., Phoenix, Or to C. M. COLHOUN, Manager, P. O. address, Hot Springs, Arizona.

PROFESSIONAL

EDUCATIONAL. KINDERGARTEN, 5 to 12 a. m., Gooding building, 1st floor, near Union. Terms, \$3 a month; two children, \$5. MISS BROWN, Principal.

MUSICIANS. H. A. CHASE, EXPERT TUNING AND REPAIRING. Music Store, in Patton Grand Building.

MASSAGE. MISS A. F. NORTON is prepared to give treatments in Scientific Massage. Indire Road 5, Gooding Block.

PHYSICIANS. THE PHILADELPHIA SPECIALIST for all Chronic Diseases. Biochemical and Magnetic Treatment. The Morris, 32 South Second Ave.

VETERINARY. J. C. NORFON, D. V. M.—Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist. Office, 127 N. Fourth avenue. Office, 127 N. Fourth avenue. Office, 127 N. Fourth avenue. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m.

F. O. RICHMOND, M. D., C. Phoenix, Arizona—Veterinary surgeon and dentist. Offices, all domestic animals scientifically treated. Office, 127 N. Fourth avenue. Office, 127 N. Fourth avenue. Office, 127 N. Fourth avenue. No charge for consultation. Agent for the Horse Review.

DENTIST. DR. WM. C. LINTZ, DENTIST, SPECIALIST in Crown and Bridge Work. Gas administered. Office, 110 Post-office, rooms 1, 2, 5, 7, 9.

H. J. JESSOP—Dentist, Office, Porter Building, corner Washington and Center streets, rooms 14 and 15.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. JOSEPH H. KIRBY & ARTHUR J. EDWARDS, Lawyers. Suite block, 215 S. 1st Ave. Phoenix, Arizona.

Popular Wants

[Advertisements under this head, one-half cent a word each insertion. No advertisement taken for less than 25 cents.]

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished eight-room house, thirteen blocks from postoffice, four rooms bringing good rent. Address Box 843, P. O.

WANTED—A chambermaid; must be experienced and first-class. Apply to housekeeper, Hotel Adams.

WANTED—Girl for general work, private home. Inquire Republican office.

FOR RENT—House, 516 East Washington street, \$20.

WANTED—First-class baker. Charles Wing, Mesa, Arizona.

FOR RENT—Finely furnished rooms, single or en suite, with very best table board. Large porch, nice yard, every convenience. Call 1548 East Washington street.

STRANGERS and others welcome at the intelligence office to free city list of rooms for rent, furnished or unfurnished houses, suites for housekeeping, city or country board. Information free. 32 North First avenue.

WANTED—Girl to assist in care of baby; cozy place. 522 North Fourth street.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE—A fine 5-year-old ten-acre olive orchard, interest with peaches and prunes, in southern California. Water to irrigate. Certificate of title shows land unencumbered. Want clear city or country income property. Address "X," care Republican.

WANTED—Nurse girl for baby and to help in the house. 487 North Third avenue.

A RELIABLE colored man would like any kind of work. Apply Bolton's barber shop, Adams hotel.

WANTED—To exchange best Rambler bicycle for end spring top buggy. Will pay difference. Address J. F. K., Box G, Phoenix.

WANTED—A good medium light road bicycle for end spring top buggy. Address Box 592, Town.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, before the 15th inst., the best lot of thoroughbred poultry in the valley. Desfield Poultry Yards, Box 592, Phoenix, Arizona.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred, pedigreed fox terrier pups. No. 303, corner Third and Monroe streets.

FREIGHTERS WANTED—Contracts will be let about March 15 to haul pre, mine to mill one and one-half miles; concentrates mill to Prescott, and freight out, about fourteen miles. Needed, two fours, three sixes. Address Empire Mining company, Walker, Ariz.

WANTED—Two or more gentlemen wanting board in the country. Please call five miles from town on Cave Creek road; large house on right. J. D. GILBERT.

FOR SALE—Antique relics. My collection of the above relics, 1,350 in all, consisting of pottery, axes, idols, arrow points and hundreds of the rarest of relics, are for sale at my ranch, four and a half miles south-east of Phoenix. Will sell any article you wish. J. S. TAIT.

WANTED—A second-hand boiler and engine, four or five horse power. Address P. O. Box 933, City.

WANTED—To exchange, a young horse for high grade lady's bicycle. Address Box 17, Mesa, A. T.

FIRST PREMIUM WINNERS.—Light Brahma chickens, 13 eggs for one dollar. Indian runner, two miles north on Seventh street.

FOR SALE—Fifteen dairy cows, one-half cash, balance on good security. For further information address Box 961 Phoenix, or call on premises three-quarters mile south Santa Fe depot on Seventh avenue.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two oak roll top desks and one oak standing desk. Call at Rooms 205-6 Fleming building.

WANTED—Some one to fill out part of car of machinery from Kansas City in order to secure railroad rates. TEMPE-MESA PRODUCE CO.

MADAME GRACE, palmist and clairvoyant, card reader, tells past, present and future. 420 E. Washington St., near Fourth.

FOR SALE—Two lots in University addition cheap for cash, or will sell on installment plan. Address Box 342, Phoenix.

WANTED—People to know that the Phoenix Restaurant gives the best 20-cent meal in town.

WANTED—To borrow \$2,000 on five years' time. Improved suburban property for security. Interest must be reasonable. Address Loan, this office.

FOR SALE—Four room brick cottage, on installment plan. Inquire A. J. Mitchell's corner State and Ninth streets, in Brill addition.

ORANGE GROVE for sale. The most beautiful grove in the valley; all highly improved; two furnished houses, shade, implements, stock, buggies, etc. Parties wishing a country home will do well to investigate. Price very low. Box 7 Republican office.

WANTED—A buyer for two teams of carriage horses, stylish, well broken and desirable in every way; also single drivers. A few high bred colts for sale, suitable for training to go to the races. Call at Phoenix Light and Fuel Co. or Pemberton stock farm. Reference, Phoenix National bank.

Porter & Co.'s first class stages make close connections with arriving trains, as also with trains going to Bowie. Special accommodations provided for trips to and from Globe.



YOUNGSTROM

The Tinsmith and Plumber

at 28 North Second avenue, opposite Fort hotel.

Wants to trade a 20-acre tract, located at Glendale, for city property.

Wants to sell three and one-quarter acres a trifle over 14 miles northwest of Washington and Center streets and one and a half blocks from car line.

Wants to sell two 20-acre tracts at Glendale upon terms of payment to suit the buyer.

Wants to sell lots in Brill addition 50x200, cheap.

LAST AND SPECIAL

Wants the opportunity and privilege to give you estimates upon anything that you may need in sheet metal work, plumbing, pipe work or anything else within the scope of my business, and your patronage if I can do as well by you as others. It is my aim to do better for you. In regard to this, please don't forget the place.

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Across the Street from the Ford Hotel.

"The Southern Pacific" leads in "completeness of equipment, comfort of transport, promptness of service," fast and elegant trains, with Pintch gear lights on all cars. Dining cars on all limited trains. The highest standard maintained all the year round. "No snow blockades." Two hundred and thirty-eight miles the shortest line to Los Angeles, quickest time to all eastern points. For further information call on or address, M. O. Bicknell, Agent.

The Phoenix Short Line has re-established their Pullman service between Phoenix and Maricopa. Passengers can take the Pullman at 7 o'clock in the evening, remaining in it until 6 o'clock the next morning, going away with the necessity of occupying rooms at Maricopa.

Via the Southern Pacific, going east, we will assist you in selecting a route and secure you the best connection and accommodations. If west, use the shortest and quickest line for seaside points. For further information call on M. O. Bicknell, C. P. A.

THE LIMITED.

Via the Santa Fe makes the quickest time by twelve hours between Phoenix and Chicago than ever before made. No extra charge for tickets on this train. When making your arrangements for returning to the east, get full particulars about accommodations on this "Palace on Wheels" at the city office of the S. F. & P. R. R., 41 West Washington street.

E. W. GILBERT, General Agent

WE CAN SAVE YOU TIME

And time is money. The Union Pacific makes the quickest time to nearly all points east.

The Phoenix Short Line has resumed its Sunday excursions from Mesa and Tempe to Phoenix. Train No. 6 will be held at Mesa City until 4:30, leaving Tempe at 5:30, arriving at Phoenix 5:30. Train No. 7, due to leave Phoenix at 5 p. m., will be held until after the band concert and will leave Phoenix about 9:30 p. m. local time, and rate of one fare will be made for the round trip.

Read the advertisements in The Republican and learn the name and location of the houses which are doing the business of the town. You will find the name of every successful business firm in the city in the advertising columns.

GILBERT D. GRAY

Notary Public, Pens on Agent JUSTICE OF THE PEACE No. 30 South Second Ave., Phoenix

Mesa, Tempe and Phoenix Stage Line

See me for ACCOMMODATIONS. ERW COLLINS, Prop.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE